

92 *THE CASTAWAYS OF  
THE FLAG /*

although the wind was very faint. The  
sea was  
roaring out there in the distance, and  
already  
intermittent flaws were sweeping over  
its surface,  
giving it a livid tint.

Captain Gould gazed at the horizon.

" We are in for a bad spell/<sup>3</sup> Fritz said  
to him.

" I am afraid we are," the captain  
acknowledged ;  
" as bad a spell as our worst fears  
could have  
imagined!"

" Captain," the boatswain broke in, "  
this isn't  
a time to sit and twiddle one's  
thumbs. We've  
got to use a little elbow grease, as  
sailormen say."

" Let us try to pull the boat up to  
the top of  
the beach,<sup>53</sup> said Fritz, calling James and  
his brother.

" We will try,<sup>31</sup> Captain Gould replied.  
"

The  
tide is coming up and will help us.  
Meanwhile  
let us begin by lightening the boat as  
much as  
we can.<sup>33</sup>

All buckled to. The sails were laid  
upon the  
sand, the mast unstepped, the rudder  
unshipped,  
and the seats and spars were taken out  
and carried  
within the cave,

By the time the tide was slack the  
boat had been  
hailed about twenty yards higher up.  
But that  
was not enough; she would have to be  
pulled up

Twice as far again to be out of reach of the waves.

Having no other tools, the boatswain pushed planks under the keel, and all combined to pull push. But their efforts were useless : the